*Enter Sir Hugh.*

*Sir Hugh.* Where is mine Hoſt of the garter?
Now my Hoſt, I would deſire you looke you now,
To haue a care of your entertainments,
For there is three ſorts of coſen garmombles,
Is coſen all the Hoſt of Maiden-head and Redings,
Now you are an honeſt man, and a ſcuruy beggerly
lowſie knaue beſide,
And can point wrong places,
I tell you for good will, grate why mine Hoſt.

*Exit.*

*Hoſt.* I am coſened *Hugh*, and coy *Bardolfe*,
Sweete Knight aſſiſt me, I am coſened. *Exit.*

*Fal.* Would all the world were coſened for me,
For I am coſened and beaten too,
Well, I neuer proſpered ſince I forſwore
My ſelfe at *Primero*: and my winde
Were but long enough to ſay my prayers,
Ide repent, now from whence come you?

*Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly.*

*Quic.* From the two parties forſooth.

*Fal.* The diuell take the one party,
And his dam the other,
And they'l be both beſtowed:
I haue endured more for their ſakes,
Then man is able to endure.

*Quic.* O Lord ſir, they are the ſorrowfulſt creatures
That euer liued: ſpecially Miſtris *Foord*,
Her husband hath beaten her that ſhe is all
Blacke and blew poore ſoule.

*Fal:*



*Fal:* What telleſt me of blacke and blew,
I haue beaten all the colours in the Rainbow,
And in my eſcape like to haue bin apprehended
For a witch of *Brainford*, and ſet in the ſtockes.

*Quick.* Well ſir, ſhe is a ſorrowfull woman,
And I hope when you heare my errant,
You'l be perſwaded to the contrary.

*Fal:* Come go with me into my Chamber,
And Ile heare thee. *Exit omne*

*Enter Hoſt and Fenton.*

*Hoſt.* Speake not to me ſir, my minde is heau
I haue had a great loſſe.

*Fen.* Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman
Ile giue you a hundred pound toward your loſſe

*Hoſt.* Well ſir Ile heare you, and at leaſt keep
counſell.

*Fen.* Then thus my hoſt. Tis not vnknown to
The feruent loue I beare to young *Anne Page*,
And mutually her loue againe to me:
But her father ſtill againſt her choiſe,
Doth ſeeke to marry her to fooliſh *Slender*,
And in a robe of white this night diſguiſed,
Wherein fat *Falſtaffe* had a mighty ſcare,
Muſt *Slender* take her and carry her to *Catlen*,
And there vnknowne to any, marry her.
Now her mother's ſtill againſt that match,
And firme for Doctor *Cayus*, in a robe of red
By her deuice, the Doctor muſt ſteale her thence
And ſhe hath giuen conſent to goe with him.

*Hoſt.* Now which meanes ſhe to deceiue,
Father or Mother?